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CALGARY EYE OPENER

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Eye Openers

R. C. EDWARDS
Editor and Proprietor

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us to P.O. Box 2000, Calgary.



Ho hum!—Business of yawning.
Another long stretch of Sifton!

The recent fire which destroyed the premises of The Alberta newspaper office, where this paper is printed, has delayed publication for a few weeks. However, it has given us time to recover our second wind after the election.

Politics is a good game, but a mighty poor business.

A Consolation Race is being arranged for the defeated candidates in the recent provincial election. A plebiscite will be taken to ascertain which was the most unpolar candidate, and the man who gets the most votes will be offered the job of Chief of Police of Edmonton.

Lil Arthur is feeling quite puffed up since hearing of his reprise. When last seen, he was standing on the steps of his residence looking like a statue of himself erected by popular subscription.

Dear candidates, don't get discouraged. History is full of "also rans."

The provincial elections, aggravated by the thunder of Pelkey, Morris and Luther McCarty, have made the advent of spring much more complicated than it used to be when ploughing and house-cleaning were the chief occupations.

John P. Gracie, from whom we won \$25 on the size of Tweedie's majority, has been on a bat ever since the election. When last seen he was batting about .500. The hospital for him.

While passing a certain food mill on Seventh Avenue one day last week we overheard the orchestra playing a selection from Macgag's Cafeteria Rusticana. It was very fine indeed.

The Herald has been severely censuring Alderman Frost for having stated that Calgary was a hotbed of immorality. Alderman Frost should not have made such a statement, for he ought to know that since the closing down of the South Coulee, Calgary has become the cleanest city on the face of the globe. There is not a woman in El Dorado. In the city, no flappers are seen on our streets; no tame parades our streets of an afternoon and evening; the apartment blocks (including the House of David) are filled with only the loftiest types of Christian womanhood, and there is not a pimp to be seen on Ninth Avenue. Either "Tappit" should be more guarded in his comments or the Herald should wake off its blankets.

To the question, "How much did Morgan leave?" the answer must continue to be "All that he had."



Rainbow and Niebe sail from Halifax under sealed orders.

Still, the Hon. Bob Rogers does not have to go there just because the Hon. Frank Oliver told him to.

And when, pray, is the work on Calgary's wonderful new marble-faced post office to be started? Nobody seems to be bothering much about it. Indeed, we don't believe the necessary additional lots adjoining the old post office have even been negotiated for yet, seeing that a considerable period of time has elapsed since the money appropriation was secured from the department of public works by our member, Mr. Bennett. It seems passing strange that neither he nor the Senate should have pursued the matter to the logical conclusion. Is the Dominion government tooled, or was the whole thing H. S. from the start?

Andrew Carnegie approves of Scotch whiskey. No wonder his old peace scheme doesn't go through.

That J. P. in the Little Bow riding who signed the warrant for the arrest of Crutcher on the charge of committing an offence not mentioned in the election Act, is the same bright justice of the peace who distinguished himself a year or two ago by casually marrying a young couple off-hand. The couple didn't discover that their marriage was illegal and that they were not married at all until four days later, although in the meanwhile a very pleasant time had no doubt been had.

If you must play golf on Sunday, play golf.

It is too late now to hold an autopsy over the recent elections. Let the dead bury their dead. If a number of seats were stolen by the enemy, what of it? The sun will rise tomorrow just the same and nobody will miss a meal. If the people themselves do not mind the invasion of an army of paid thugs to thwart their will at the polls, there certainly is little use of the Eye Opener kicking about it.

Three weeks may have afforded ample time for Elmer Glyn's hero to get in his fine work with his lady fren', but the same period of time was hardly long enough for the Conservative forces of Alberta to conduct an educational campaign amongst the farmers. Although the editor of this charming paper is the man who put the "pop" in Vox Populi, yet his best efforts availed nothing. Farmers are a hard class to make a dent in. They are busy men absorbed to the ears in their daily toil on the farm—their little world—with no time to spare for the consideration of broad questions affecting the province.

The farmer's thoughts seldom dwell on the province as a whole. So long as the culverts between his place and the adjacent burns are kept in fair repair, and his neighbors do not cut hay in his pot pot holes, he is perfectly satisfied. Ole Olesen doesn't give a damn about the A. and G. W. and Hiram. Slopmagulcher (formerly of North Dakota) certainly doesn't give a hoot in hell whether the province is \$15,000,000 in debt, or \$250,000,000, so long as his little old farm is productive. As for the settler from Ontario, he merely casts his vote for the party name with which he happened to be affiliated in the eastern townships, and lets it go at that. It is child's play for a party in office to handle apathetic elements such as these.

It is significant that in the larger centres of population like Edmonton, Calgary, Red Deer, Macleod, Lethbridge and Medicine Hat, where the people keep in closer touch with current events and have a more intimate knowledge of the pranks of the government, the Conservatives won all along the line. We include Medicine Hat in the category, because the Conservatives actually did win the Medicine Hat riding. The trifling circumstance of Charlie Mitchell seizing and holding the seat in spite of having lost it, is merely a passing detail of the campaign which is hardly worth attending to. The government had all its machinery (human and otherwise) on the ground ready to cope with just such an emergency.

The imported things from Saskatchewan, of whom there were between three and four hundred, were shrewd enough not to try any of their dirty work in the cities, but in the rural districts, where there was no police protection, they ran rampant and instituted a veritable reign of terror. In some districts the more honest and courageous of the electors rose in their wrath and drove the crooks out of the country. One particularly objectionable character named Moore, who seems to have made himself a perfect pest in the Little Bow riding, and another equally offensive person called Crookall, who tried to elaborate on his own name down around Pincher, had each a narrow escape from being tarred and feathered. Their speed saved them.

Many people have been speculating as to the amount of money it must have cost the Grits to import such a large body of heelers. It probably cost them very little, inasmuch as most of the crooks were specially paroled for thirty days from jails in Saskatchewan and no doubt regarded their visit to the rural districts of Alberta as the light of a jaunt, being willing to work for next to nothing for the sake of the outing. This wholesale jail delivery seems a strange and weird proceeding on the part of the attorney-general's department at Regina, and might well be made the subject of parliamentary inquiry at Ottawa. It is a safe bet that many of these paroled prisoners took advantage of their temporary lease of liberty to escape across the line.

Several high-handed arrests were made in some ridings by specially appointed G.R. constables, but the less said about this in Conservative papers the better. Ever since the abominable episodes that occurred during the Macdonald bye-election in Manitoba, the Conservatives all over Canada have found themselves at a disadvantage when protesting against acts of thuggery, unlawful arrests and general abuse of power by the party in office. The goose and the gander argument applies here with deadly effect.

These Macdonald bye-election atrocities were the worst ever, and Liberals should not run away with the idea that they were approved by decent-minded Conservatives. On the contrary, they were deeply deplored. The result simply is that in bidding protests against similar crimes today, Conservatives elsewhere as a party find themselves unable to come into court with clean hands. This state of affairs is disconcerting, to say the least, and is undeniably hard on the Conservatives of Alberta who put up such a clean fight in the recent campaign.

In this great and glorious heritage of ours there are people so unfortunate as never to have witnessed a boxing bout between a white horse and a lion. And yet we send missionaries to Africa.



This'll Fix 'em

Here is something which actually happened on a homestead west of Wetaskiwin last spring. We can vouch for the truth of the story, having got it direct from the homesteader and his wife.

One evening last April a big, fair-haired Swede, who had been going over the country on foot looking for a location, called at this farm-house, tired and hungry and seeking a night's lodging. Of course he was told by the man of the house to come right in and make himself at home, an extension of hospitality, however, which was slightly modified by the good wife.

Unknown to her husband, the woman was possessed of the very important secret that at a late hour that very night the "neighbours" were coming around to give them a surprise party with lots of music and dancing. So, she told the big Swede that she could not give him a room, but would fix him up a shakedown in the attic which was reached by a ladder. The big Swede said that this would do fine.

Up to supper the big Swede climbed up to his dogs and prepared for a good night's rest. Having a whalebone dread of bedbugs and other animadictions such as he had encountered on divers occasions in other farm-shacks, he peeled off all his clothes to the skin before rolling in between the blankets. About midnight he was awakened by the sound of fiddles and mouth-organs and the shuffle of dancing feet. "Yumming kripes!" he murmured.

Curiously overcame the big Swede, and he crawled out from his blankets to investigate. Through the open chinks of the attic floor came rays of light. Cautionily he crept on all fours, naked as a walrus, towards an extra wide chink, through which he might look down upon the merry throng of young men and maidens tripping the light fantastic.

It so happened that the boards upon which the big Swede was crawling in the dark had not been nailed down, and just as he was about to spy his eye to the chink, they "up-ended," and down he went head over heels in amongst the crowd and right on top of a couple who were executing a rousing phase of the turkey trot with remarkable effect.

The sudden appearance of a big Swede coming shooting through the ceiling like a meteor without a string of clothes on his person, created a panic. The women screamed, while the men started to yell and laugh uproariously. The Swede blithely sprang back to his feet and ran out of the house, remaining "sequestered" in the brush until the party broke up. He then returned and slipped quietly back to the attic.

In the morning the poor chap asked how much he owed for his night's board, was told by the farmer, who had also laughed himself sick during the night, to make his house his headquarters as long as he was in that locality, and it wouldn't cost him a cent. Thus closed a very pleasant incident.

Wealth is not his who gets it, but his who enjoys it.

Long after we are in the grave and when the little new boys who have sold the G. T. P. and the C. N. R. will still be dropping into town as usual and assuring the inhabitants that their respective roads expect to get "right into the city." In the spring or "fall" and that they are each going to meet a \$10,000,000 deposit and a \$15,000,000 hotel.

By the way, what was the matter with Andy Morris? During his visit to Calgary he quite forgot to hand the sporting editor the usual line concerning settling down here and making his home in Calgary. Andy should have conformed to custom.

"Oh, yes, I did."

Popular songs of today are certainly pretty tough, in more senses than one, especially when compared with the popular hits of yesterday. Here, for example, in "Juanita," a popular hit of yesterday—Innocent little things just

those revelations as to the knock-down-grab-and-run methods of the Grit heelers during the recent provincial elections are enough to denounce self-sufficiency of almost any civilization. But you don't notice an dent, do you? We are a great people

soft on the fountain.

Linking falls the Southern moon

Far over the mountain

Breaks the day too soon

In thy dark eyes' splendor

Where the warm light loves to dwell

Wears looks, yet tender

Speak their fond farewells

Nina! Juanita!

Ack the soul if we should part

Nina! Juanita!

Leave thou on my heart

And here is a modern instance

It's morning light for a walk in the park

And Johnny goes too, Johnny goes too

Every afternoon I go for a walk

And Johnny goes too, Johnny goes too

Every evening we go to some picture show

And we don't get home till the lights burn low

Then straight to my bed I go

And Johnny goes too, Johnny goes too

So many pangs made me almost

turn into a porcupine

The attention of the diverse committees of the Dominion Senate is called to the way they do things in Mississippi. A Minnesotan man, Charles A. Ogrinsky, an employee of the Mackenzie & Mann railway interests, was granted a leave in the district court (April 7) on the sole ground that his wife had given him nothing but headaches for years. He told the court he had suffered many pangs made me almost

turn into a porcupine

What is the duty of parliament in connection with the recent, not as yet publicly defined, application of the Mackenzie & Mann railway interests for a large grant of public money? It will be a most remarkable thing if the government makes a huge grant of public money to this railway enterprise without there being a full and satisfying discussion in parliament of the whole and ends and aims of the enterprise, with facts and figures showing its present position, its present programme and the amount of aid granted in the past by the federal and the several provincial governments.

Who is building the Mackenzie & Mann transcontinental railway system? It is being built by the nation or by the corporation known as Mackenzie & Mann? As we understand it, the former when completed and when the owners of the country it has become part of, will be valuable, will belong not to the nation, but to a few individuals, of whom the principals are Mr. W. William Mackenzie and Sir Donald Mann. That is to say Bill and Doug.

Well, well well! If this doesn't beat the record, I don't know what does.

Read this:

Toronto May 2.—Attendance records were broken at the Horse Show

tonight. Hon. Clifford Sifton, of Ottawa, and Hon. D. C. Cameron, of Winnipeg, were the principal prize winners. Miss Vlau, the Montreal owner

was in the first three in three events.

In the harness class for horses suitable for ladies to drive, she was first and second with Eye Opener and I Wonder, Eye-Opener finishing second in another class.

Only for Eye-Opener art

Happening to be passing through the offices of the Calgary Herald the other day we met a stranger who seemed to be looking around here with interest. He was a young Englishman well dressed and airily polite.

"Oh, I am," said he, "would you tell me where I can find Mr. Sweeney?"

"Sweetie, Swee," I don't think there's anyone of real pains about here," we replied.

"That's denied of it. I've just been in to see Mr. Calvert, one of the daily editors. You know, to sit and get a position in the editorial staff. He appealed to be rather high, and when I had explained to him that I was an ex-Englishman and that my language was

not quite up to scratch, he said,

"I'm afraid you're not quite up to scratch."

There is nothing to prevent excellent work by the editorial government

and the best men in the business

are not necessarily the best men in the business.

Well, Arthur would have made a good editor. He should have been given the opportunity.

But come, 1000 about summer

comes again, and the weather

is getting warmer and warmer.

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ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS

Sport, Edmonton: Record for high jumping is 1,000 feet, made from top of Buffet tower, Paris, by a geant suicide.

Anxious Mother, Cayley: Name of lady in your village who gave birth to triplets eight years ago was Mrs. J. B. Preven. It was her husband who got off the sparkling jest about her being full of preenes. He had a pretty wit.

Rev. Dr. Duval, Winnipeg: (a) Free Church of Scotland was formed in 1843, an offshoot from the Established Kirk. (b) Dan Patch, 2:02½ half mile track.

Three traveling companions, Gray, Brown and Green, were breakfasting at a hotel in the south. Gray ordered coffee, rolls, creamed potatoes, bacon and fried eggs; Brown told the waiter he might duplicate the order for him and Green said:

"You may bring me the same, all but the eggs—you may eliminate the eggs."

In due time the waiter appeared with the breakfasts of Gray and Brown, which he served; then, stepping round to Green, he said, in a conciliatory voice:

"We got fried eggs an' poached eggs an' boiled eggs an' scrambled eggs an' omlet, sah, but we ain't got no 'liminated eggs."

"Well," said Green, "my doctor says my eggs must be eliminated. Have it done at once and hurry up my breakfast."

Presently the waiter was back again, but without the breakfast.

"The cook says tell you, sah," he said, "he jes' can't 'liminate no eggs dis mawnin'."

"Now, see here," said Green, in apparent anger. "I never before was at a hotel where I could not have my eggs eliminated. Go tell the cook that and tell him to eliminate those eggs double-sure or I shall complain to the manager."

Away went the waiter, but returned almost immediately, followed by the cook.

"I come to 'spain to you myself bout dem eggs, sah," said the excited chef. "I ain't been here on'y a week an' I don't wan' to lose my job an' dis is de very f'rst ordain I had foh 'liminate eggs since I come. I was goin' to 'liminate 'em right off, but when I looked round for de 'liminator dev-dain't, got none. Couse I can't 'liminate eggs 'thout a 'liminator, but I's goin' to have the boss git one die-yer day an' if you'll 'scuse me this mawnin' next time you come I'll 'liminate yo' eggs better'n you've evah had 'em 'liminated befo'!"

Political partisans in Canada are, as a rule, a most ungenerous lot. They give their opponents no credit for possessing any good points and are always ready to accept the maddest, meanest rumor so long as it tends to an opponent's detriment. As Editor Williamson once said, "No one is more credulous than a partisan. He bites at everything."

Take as an example the case of Premier Sifton, who is at present over in London trying to dig up \$5,000,000. The Eye-Opener has an exclusive story regarding his efforts with the bankers.

The morning after his arrival in London, L.H. Arthur took a taxi and drove into the city. Entering the great banking house of Glyn, Mills & Co. in Lombard street, he asked to see Mr. Glyn. The magnate gave the



Farewell orgy of officers and crew while awaiting wireless from Ottawa

premier a courteous greeting in his private room and requested him to be seated.

"Well, sir, what can I do for you?"

"I want \$5,000,000."

"Oh, you do, eh? And might I venture to inquire who the devil you are?"

"I am Mr. Sifton, premier of the province of Alberta, in Canada."

"Oh—ah—that puts another complexion on it. Have a cigar. And how did you leave all the folks in Canada?"

"Very well, indeed, thank you."

"I suppose you have plenty of collateral to offer for this loan?"

"Well, no."

"Then how on earth do you expect to raise it?"

"Oh, any old way. I think my note of hand should be sufficient."

"That would be all right, too, in certain cases, but I do not know you, my dear sir."

"Oh, I'm all right."

"Well, would you have any objections to my making a few inquiries first?"

"Not at all, not at all! Go right ahead. Go as far as you like. I shall drop in again before the bank closes. Go to it. I can sway the time taking in the sights of London."

"Excellent idea, my dear sir! Take a run over to Madame Tussaud's wax-works and see Dr. Crippen, attired in the very clothes in which he was hanged. It will do you good."

"All right. In the meantime, good day!"

With the premier's departure the great banker reached for the phone and called up Lord Strathcona.

"Is that you, Sirrah? Say, what kind of a chap is Sifton, premier of Alberta? All right, you say? Oh, he is, eh? A very honorable and upright gentleman—well, I guess he must be O. K. Thanks, old man. How are you after the banquet—ha, ha!"

The great banker hung up the receiver and pondered awhile.

"Him!" he mused to himself. "Strathcona is all very well in his way, but he is a very old man, a very old man. I guess I'd better call up—damn see—Max Aiken."

The great banker reached once more for the phone and asked to be connected with Sir Max Aiken at his residence.

"That you, Maxy? Say, Max, what do you know about Premier Sifton of Alberta? What's that? Surely you must be mistaken! He doesn't look to be that sort—I don't believe he ever stole a horse in his life. Looted a graveyard, too, you say? Oh, phew! Surely you are prejudiced against this man. Well, never mind, I'll ask somebody else."

The great banker did some more pondering.

"I wish I knew of some prominent Western Canadian over here in London just now. Oh, I have it! H. H. Bennett, the silver-tongued spellbinding, is over on a visit and is stopping



The Jokers

at the Cecil. He is right from the same province, too. Here goes!"

After a few minutes had elapsed, the great banker caught the buzz of the phone.

"Is this Mr. Bennett? This is Mr. Glyn, the banker, speaking. Can you give me any information regarding Mr. Sifton, who, I understand, is premier of your province? He's a WHAT?"

"Kindly, repeat that—I didn't quite catch it. Don't talk so fast. You say he is the most unmitigated scoundrel that ever came down the pike? Surely, Mr. Bennett, he is not so bad as that—and am I to believe he has spread

wreck, ruin and devastation throughout the land and brought countless

widows and orphans with gray hairs to the grave with his dastardly A. & G. W. policy? Oh, tut, tut! Ring off!"

The great banker called in the junior partner and consulted with him as to a suitable source of information with regard to Mr. Sifton.

"Have you tried Mrs. Pankhurst? She is a friend of the Alberta Grits, I understand."

"By gum!" cried the great banker, excitedly. "The very person! Hey, you, Central, give me Mrs. Pankhurst—yes, she's out of jail, I believe. Ha, ha, hum, here she is now! That you, Mrs. Pankhurst? I understand you are a friend of Premier Sifton of Alberta. What kind of a man is he? Oh, he's a dear, delightful man, you say? Look here, this won't do, you know. Ring off!"

At this moment a debonair, good-looking young man strolled in, smacking a cigar and twirling his moustache. Who do you suppose it was? None other than Clifford Reilly, brother of the immortal Jimmy, who had dropped in to hobnob a while with the money king.

"Why, Reilly, my dear boy," cried the banker, "just the man I want to see. I had a visit this morning from your Alberta premier, Mr. Sifton, who wants a big loan, and I want to know just what kind of a man he is. Is he reliable?"

"My dear Glyn," said Mr. Reilly, seating himself crossways on a chair and flicking the ash of his cigar on to the carpet. "Premier Sifton is the greatest man that ever lived, barring possibly William Ewart Gladstone and Napoleon Bonaparte. He has so many virtues that you couldn't count 'em on an adding machine. His reputation is so high that it soars in the cerulean vaults of heaven, and all his paths are peace. His political views conform to an ideally beautiful standard and his mind is a perfect abyss of wisdom. His bunk on the stump will shine through the centuries—"

"That's enough!" cried the delighted banker. "He shall have all he wants."

"Where is he now?" asked Clifford.

"At Madame Tussaud's wax-works, having a look at Dr. Crippen."

"The Eye-Opener welcomes the Rev. Bob Pearson back to Calgary, where he will assume spiritual and athletic charge of the Y. M. C. A. Here is a good all-round man, admired and respected by all, and especially popular with the younger set on account of his advocacy of art and personal participation in clean sports. 'Bob' Pearson comes like a breath of pure air."

Wonders if the Rev. Realty Company has cut out that rather shabby stunt of theirs, which consists—or did consist—of inducing innocent young men, newcomers to the city and of slender means, to purchase lots at North Battleford on the guarantee that they, the company, would at once find them jobs. Several complaints were brought to us by poor chaps who had paid \$10 down but had never got the promised jobs. We secured the return of one fellow's tempon. It is a cold-blooded real estate agent that will lay himself out to ensnare the humbler class who cannot afford to lose."

Nearly every woman you see coming out of a grocery is chewing something

Our Great and Good Friend, Simon John Clarke, is very busy these days in his new role of Superintendent of the Banff National Park. He is trying to figure out how he can accomplish the million dollars' worth of improvements, actually needed, on a measly government appropriation of \$400,000. Mr. Clarke's long experience in the Calgary public works department should guide him in using every dollar of this money to advantage. Quis casually it might be mentioned that no men working on government jobs in the Park will find it easy to "soldier" on Simon John.

This \$300,000 appropriation looks like a great piece of munificence on the part of the Dominion Government; but it isn't. A million dollars should have been set aside for the Park, if any real effort is to be made to attract tourists and hold them for a while after they have come. Healthy and sane tourists holidaying away from business in search of fun, amusement and recreation, are certainly not going to pause and daily at Banff on the allurements of a hot bath.

For years we have been advocating open-air promenade concerts for Banff, down by the river near the zoological gardens (Ho, bartender!), with little round tables and chairs and a line of refreshments—of tea, soft drinks, ices and so forth, and proper arrangements for the foregathering of visitors. Once we entertained the pleasing idea that a beer garden would be the proper caper, but further reflection has shown us the undesirability of this. The privileges of a beer garden would soon be abused. Noisy young men, up from Calgary on a lark, would quickly put the garden on the bum. Indeed, we never saw a good thing yet, in this country, that wasn't queered by the drunks.

Superintendent Clarke should take the bull by the horns and send off right away for a band which will disgorge sweet music afternoons and evenings down by the river. He might well devote ten or fifteen thousand dollars of the present appropriation to this excellent purpose. Cluster lights from the depot to the C. P. R.

On the other hand, the most popular—absolutely the most popular—man of his time in England was Albert Edward, Prince of Wales. This wonderful and mysterious popularity lasted through a long life, increasing rather than diminishing as the years went by. He was the only king England ever had whose personality called forth demonstrations of admiration and affection on the part of vast masses of people, who in the nature of things could only know him from a respectful distance. Traditional and inbred loyalty to the throne is one thing, but devotion to the person of the monarch himself is something much more vital.

King Edward, both as prince and monarch, was very close to his people.

The explanation is that this great prince never took the trouble to pretend to be what he was not. He was himself all the time, with the same shortcomings and weaknesses as have characterized frail humanity ever since the world began. Nothing smug nor self-righteous about this man. He was a human English gentleman, and when he happened to win a Derby or other important race, the people went wild. His success was their success. So closely had he snuggled up to their hearts through his many amusing social adventures, all tactfully weathered during a life beset with bewildering temptations, that when he was called upon to appear as a witness in a divorce case or gambling case, or when parliament had to cough up a bunch of money to pay his early debts, his subjects were delighted. Perhaps they should have been shocked, but they weren't. Bless your heart, it was

just what they wanted. Human nature transcends everything and has the Church beaten forty ways.

In paying out money for the luxury of a monarchy, the people of England away down in their hearts want a swift run for their money. Drawing-rooms at Buckingham palace, the laying of corner stones, the opening of parliaments, and stuffy ceremonies of a similar nature, do not reach out and touch the people themselves. There is something cold, unreal and impersonal about it all. The people want to see their king with his crown off once in a while and like to feel that he doesn't go to bed in his coronation robes. They enjoy hearing that their king mingles occasionally at the club with his friends, that he pulls down a long shot at the races once in a while, that his luck at cards is not too rotten, that he slips over to Paris once in a while for a little supper dans un cabinet particulier with La Deuxieme Madame Tanqueray, and that he is enjoying life generally. To put it plainly, they prefer a live one to a dead one.

The present reign is altogether too staid and respectable. It is a neutral reign, being neither popular nor unpopular. There is no color to it, unless you call drab a color. The aristocracy, which acts as a link between the throne and the ordinary folk, have already begun to kick at the dreariness of the court and at the excessively puritanical arrangements contrived for their moral uplift. The proceedings around the royal palaces are said to be anything but gay, and the atmosphere of prim sedateness seems to have acted as a blithering blight on their hitherto high spirits. No people would stand for a dissolute court nowadays. That state of rotteness passed away with the Georges; but, by the gods of war, there surely ought to be some happy medium where a dine-and-sleep guest at Windsor Castle wouldn't be expected to bring a letter from his pastor as a cachet of respectability. Such rules are very hard on Canadians.

The solemn pose is played out. We should all be far happier if we would only be ourselves and not forever be acting a part. Some of the staidest, protest and most profoundly respectable of our prominent citizens, who would not be seen entering a bar or communing with a tart for the world, are the hottest kinds of sports when you get them away off in California or the old country. They turn loose in great style and act in real human fashion. On their return home they automatically drop back into their old rut of make-believe and bogus dignity, and resume the dreary role of prominent citizen once more. None of that for your Uncle Robert, thank you very kindly. Life is too short.

Make the best of your life. You will never get another chance to be happy.

Jim Cornwall, late member for the Peace River constituency, has been to Chicago arranging for a moving picture concern to accompany him into the far north this summer, down the Mackenzie and into the Arctic Circle, to take scenes from life in that little known portion of the world. This project should prove of great informative and educational value. Moving pictures such as these will present life up north as it is, and not as idealized by poets like Robert Service or hot-air artists like Rex Beach and Jack London.

Speaking of the movies, has it ever occurred to you how they have improved the actor's art? If they may not actually have improved it, they certainly have enlarged it a lot. The actors who succeed in film dramas must not only be excellent pantomimists, but must know how to do the thousand and one things they are pictured as doing. These difficult stunts, such as riding, swimming and what not, can be described in a talking drama, but must be actually performed before the remorseless camera.

A new breed of actors and actresses is springing up, hardy adventurers who go into the far northwest or the jungles of Africa and there camp and rough it to lead verisimilitude to the stories told by the reels. Yet, we should imagine, this must be preferable to hitting up the tank towns or getting stranded at Moose Jaw, after the fashion of Bob Fitzsimmons' marvelous aggregation of stars last summer.

A golfing Scot died and dreamed that he had gone to heaven. Asked what his pleasure was, he said he would like a game of golf, and at once a foursome was arranged for him. He was afterwards asked if he would like another, and he replied that he would, and would like to have a round with David, Solomon and Robert Burns. "Oh," was the reply, "you won't find them here. You'll have to go to the ladies' links."

When a man begins by saying you are too wise to be caught for a sucker, look out! He is going to try a new kind of bait.

A young man who had obtained a place in a house agent's office and was anxious to do all he could in the interest of his employer, attended a social gathering. He was asked to sing, and responded with "Home, Sweet Home." His friends were a little surprised at his selection, but he was heartily applauded. Then stepping forward, he said, "I am glad you like the song. There is nothing like 'Home, Sweet Home,' and let me say the firm I represent in selling homes on terms to suit all. Everybody ought to have a home. If you don't want to live there it's the chance of your lifetime for an investment."

Two things are remarkable among the Hebrews—that neither recitation nor drunkenness is to be found amongst them.

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Once again we venture in the most humble manner to give Premier Borden the quiet tip that his political longevity will be placed in jeopardy if he does not get busy and do something real and tangible for the West.

The first thing he had better do, is to adjust the tariff so as to make possible a substantial reduction in the cost of agricultural machinery.

The second thing he had better do, is to get after the railway commission and insist on something being done towards removing the burden of excessive freight rates in Western Canada.

* * *

Premier Borden need not bother his head about the Western farmer unless he likes—he being the doctor—but he should bear in mind that there will be a preponderant proportion of new members to be elected out of the West at the next general election. If by that time he has failed to lend a responsive ear to the reasonable demands of the farmer, it is good-bye for the party.

* * *

We think we know what is the matter. To the Ottawa politician sitting in the Rudeau Club smoking his Perfecto, sipping up Scotch and Pops, and discussing the frailties of pretty strange, the Far West seems far away indeed. Some years ago we happened to be in Ottawa for a couple of days and while crossing Parliament square one morning our thoughts happened to revert to Calgary. In spite of ourselves, we could not help thinking of it as some western trading post of no particular account. If a thought like that managed to filter through the brain of an ultra-loyal Canadian, what kind of thoughts must eastern statesmen—(barter)—have with regard to Calgary and the West? Just no thoughts at all. Merely a mental attitude of sublime indifference.

* * *

Take the discrimination of local freight rates in the West as compared to local rates in Ontario. The railway commission, almost exactly a year ago (April 16, 1912) held an investigation and made the discovery.

1. That the freight rates on the railways west of Lake Superior are from 25 to 75 per cent. higher than in Ontario and Quebec.

2. From the C. P. R. records that the cost of hauling 1,000 tons one mile is less in the West than in Ontario and Quebec.

3. That the cost of maintenance in the prairie provinces is \$400 less per mile than in the East.

4. That the actual transportation expenses are \$44 less per mile in Saskatchewan and Alberta than on the Eastern lines.

5. That it costs \$63 less per mile to operate railways in Alberta and Saskatchewan than in the East.

6. That the density of traffic is 25 per cent. greater in Manitoba and 16 per cent. greater in Alberta and Saskatchewan than in Ontario and Quebec.

* * *

That discovery was made, as we point out, over a year ago. Has anything been done to bring the railroads to time and have this discrimination removed? Not a thing. To be sure government counsel were appointed to represent the people of Canada and make the companies justify their rates, but these government counsels have not done a thing, have not moved a hand.

Why?

We do not know why, but presume that the railroad companies made it worth their while to double-cross their clients. Lawyers are lawyers, all the world over.

* * *

The Conservative members at Ottawa can debate from morning till night and talk until they are black in the face about Imperialism and Dreadnoughts and West Indies Treaties, but that will not gain them the favor of the western farmer. The farmer wants something real and substantial that touches his occupation in an intimate way. He wants legislation that comes right home to him and his family. In this great and glorious country the successful statesman is he who knows how to reach the farmer.

* * *

There is our brilliant friend, George E. Foster, prancing about the antipodes framing up some new tariff arrangement with Australia and New Zealand, in which nobody is interested. Why in thunder doesn't the government revise the tariff at home, so that the farmer can buy his agricultural machinery at reasonable cost? It surely is far nobler statesmanship to enact wise domestic legislation for the betterment of the condition of the home folks, than it is to go running around catering to other countries.

* * *

No, dear friend, the matches made in heaven are never used for the purpose of lighting cigarettes.

So much real money is being made several of the fans who usually take in vaudeville nowadays by people of almost every imaginable calling, that dignified members of the exclusive professions are beginning to seek engagements. Prominent doctors, editors and lawyers may soon be seen travelling the circuit and pulling down big weekly salaries. Some have already started. Dr. William Black, the prominent and popular Winnipeg physician, has been out on the Sullivan and Conradi circuit now for six weeks and commands a princely salary. He does two turns a day and three on Saturdays. His specialty, which occupies twenty minutes, consists of a major operation performed in full view of the audience. The subjects are supplied from the hospitals of the various cities visited.

Last week at Sullivan and Conradi's beautiful new theatre in Vancouver, Dr. Black made a decided hit. The stage setting represented the operating room of a hospital, with all the accessories, white-clad nurses, glass operating table and all the rest of it, to say nothing of the delightfully fragrant aroma of carbolic acid, with just

Signal flying—"Naval bill passed. Scuttle ships."

a slight spoonful of iodineform. The first subject, a fat man with a jovial face, was brought on to the stage in negligee costume and laid on the table. An assistant sat at his head and proceeded to administer chloroform, while the doctor explained to the audience that he was about to remove the man's appendix. "Just watch my smoke," he said, and proceeded to roll up his sleeves.

The operation was most successful. The moment it was over the operator brought down the house by a clever exhibition of juggling, in which he kept a pair of forearms, a handkerchief, a sponge and the man's appendix revolving in the air at one and the same time. In response to the inevitable encore, Dr. Black, after a brief consultation with the subject, who had by this time come round, announced that he would give them an exhibition of removing gall stones from the bladder. Once more the chloroform pad was placed over the patient's face and his body was again ripped open amid loud plaudits. The surgeon, with marvellous dexterity, plunged his arm into the cavity and brought out a handful of stones, which he threw among the audience for souvenirs.

The jovial subject recovered consciousness while assistants were sewing him up and watched them stitching with amused curiosity. In reply to uproarious demands from the audience for another encore, the doctor was about to respond by amputating the man's leg, when the latter demurred, saying somewhat testily that the doctor was imposing on his good nature. This novel turn is one of the hits of the circuit and Dr. Black is featured as the headliner. He and Sarah Bernhardt and Jim Corbett are the three highest salaried artists in the vaudeville world today.

Tempting offers have been made to Mr. Roblinette, the well known Toronto lawyer, but it is problematical whether that gentleman would accept a Vanderville engagement. An equally well known lawyer in Vancouver was recently approached with a fine offer from the Orpheum people, but declined when he found that a clause in the contract stipulated that he should try a rare case in full view of the audience. A famous western editor, who contemplates going into vaudeville, has written a comic sketch, in which he himself will appear in the role of an intrepid editor running a paper in a tiny burg. It is said to be a scream. The stipulation of the circuit management in this case is that the editor get really drunk at every performance, thus ensuring a realistic performance. The contract is signed and the theatrical world is looking forward to the treat of the season.

The sporting editor of The Albertan, rather unfairly, we think, attributed the poor attendance at the Pecky-Morris bout to the fact that "a certain spasmoid paper" meaning The Eye-Opener, had spoken of Pecky as a demon. This was not what caused the slim attendance at all. The fans turned out in great style when Pecky and Burns met, but after witnessing the miserable showing that Pecky put up on that occasion it was hardly likely they would be over-anxious to see him perform again. That was all. There is nothing mysterious about it.

There is still another reason for non-attendance that was told us by

Mike Schreck, 6 rds. Tony Caponi, 6 rds. Billy Woods, 15 rds. Lost-Jack O'Brien, 8 rds.

1906: Knockout—Dave Barry, San Francisco, 20 rds. Won—Dave Barry, Tacoma, 20 rds. Draw—Jack Sullivan, Spokane, 20 rds. Hugo Kelly, Detroit, 16 rds. Hugo Kelly, Los Angeles, 20 rds. Lost—Jack Sullivan, Los Angeles, 20 rds.

1906: Knockout—Jim O'Brien, San Diego, 1 rd. Jim Walker, San Diego, 1 rd. Jim Flynn, Los Angeles, 15 rds. Won—Marvin Hart, Los Angeles, 20 rds. Draw—Bill Jack O'Brien, Los Angeles, 20 rds.

1907: Knockout—Bill Squires, San Francisco, 1 rd. Gunner More, London, 10 rds. Won—Jack O'Brien, Los Angeles, 20 rds. No decision—Joe Grinn, Philadelphia, 3 rds.

1908: Knockout—Jack Palmer, London, 4 rds. John Roche, Ireland, 1 rd. Jerry Smith, France, 5 rds. Bill Squires, France, 8 rds. Bill Lang, Australia, 6 rds. Won—Bill Lang, Australia, 20 rds. Lost—Jack Johnson, Australia, 14 rds.

And while we are on this subject of prize-fighting, let us draw attention to the absolute desuetude into which the advance theatrical press notices have fallen. So much advance drive appears every week—and has appeared every week for years—in the columns of our dailies, cracking up coming attractions as the best and greatest that ever came down the pike, that now nobody pays the slightest attention to them. Only the most unphilosophical books take the trouble to read them at all. They are a mere pot-pourri of fulsome and indiscriminate praise, whooping up the coming shows in extravagant language. To the theatre-going public these advance notices have become absolutely meaningless.

McCarthy is one hundred per cent improved since his last appearance in this city when he was so awkward and unphilosophical in the way of the ring that he persisted in sticking his face into "Jems" Willard's left hand, and was thereby outpointed.

We would be the last person to knock the boxing game in Calgary and, as a personal friend of Tommy Burns, it is unlikely we would write anything with the object of prejudicing that gentleman's efforts to promote this fascinating branch of sport in Alberta, but hang on if we will go out of our way to unload misleading book about "white heavyweight championships of the world" to please anybody.

Billy McDonell has sent us a batch of New York papers containing accounts of McCarty's scrap with Moran. Luther doesn't seem to be popular with the sport writers of Gotham, for they pan him unmercifully. One paper, however, the N. Y. Evening Telegram, says:

"McCarthy is one hundred per cent improved since his last appearance in this city when he was so awkward and unphilosophical in the way of the ring that he persisted in sticking his face into 'Jems' Willard's left hand, and was thereby outpointed."

The fans will be interested to learn that Pecky is being specially trained and coached by Tommy for his approaching bout with Luther McCarthy on May 24. Luther's visit to Calgary is a good deal in the nature of a homecoming and he should be accorded a warm welcome by his old friends. It will be a distinct act of courtesy if Pecky knocks his block off.

That clean and clever young weight-weight, Mickey McIntyre, has a couple of good matches on the cards—with Billy Griffith's return on June 13 in Calgary, and with Kossick on June 19 at Saskatoon.

Luther will box in Calgary at Tommy Burns' arena, May 26. His opponent will be Arthur Pecky. The fans would greatly prefer to see Tommy meet McCarthy and we can't see why he doesn't, for he is still good for six fast rounds at top speed. McCarthy would never be able to make a monkey of Burns the way he did with Falzer and Flynn. The only department in which Tommy is a bit shy is his wind. In other respects such as speed on his feet, hard punching and generalship, he is pretty nearly as dangerous a customer in the ring as he ever was. That he was a tough one is evidenced by the fact that he made the best showing of them all against Jack Johnson.

A lot of people in Calgary are given to decry Tommy Burns' pugilistic standing on account of his tempestuous affairs with Connell Rickett and Pecky, but our "genial fellow townsman's" record in ring history speaks for itself. Here is taken bodily from the Police Gazette Sporting Annual, 1912: It will be noticed that Burns knocked out Falzer in 15 rounds in October, 1906.

TOMMY BURNS

Born: June 17, 1881 Hanover, Ontario Height: 5 ft. 7 in.

1906: Knockout—Fred Thornton, twice, a rds.

1907: Knockout—Bert Waiss, a rds.

1908: Knockout—Bill Squires, 6 rds.

1909: Knockout—John Roche, Ireland, 1 rd.

1910: Knockout—Bill Lang, Australia, 6 rds.

1911: Knockout—Dick Smith, 2 rds.

1912: Knockout—Harry Peppers, 2 rds.

1913: Knockout—Tom McCune, 7 rds.

1914: Knockout—Jimmy Duggan, 9 rds.

1915: Knockout—Jack Butler, 2 rds.

1916: Knockout—Reddy Phillips, 9 rds.

1917: Knockout—John Wardenski, 1 rds.

1918: Knockout—Cyclone Kelly, 4 rds.

1919: Knockout—Tony Caponi, 6 rds.

1920: Knockout—Draw—Jack O'Brien, 1 rds.

1921: Knockout—Draw—Jack O'Brien, 1 rds.

1922: Knockout—Draw—Jack O'Brien, 1 rds.

1923: Knockout—Draw—Jack O'Brien, 1 rds.

1924: Knockout—Draw—Jack O'Brien, 1 rds.

1925: Knockout—Draw—Jack O'Brien, 1 rds.

1926: Knockout—Draw—Jack O'Brien, 1 rds.

1927: Knockout—Draw—Jack O'Brien, 1 rds.

1928: Knockout—Draw—Jack O'Brien, 1 rds.

1929: Knockout—Draw—Jack O'Brien, 1 rds.

1930: Knockout—Draw—Jack O'Brien, 1 rds.

1931: Knockout—Draw—Jack O'Brien, 1 rds.

1932: Knockout—Draw—Jack O'Brien, 1 rds.

1933: Knockout—Draw—Jack O'Brien, 1 rds.

1934: Knockout—Draw—Jack O'Brien, 1 rds.

1935: Knockout—Draw—Jack O'Brien, 1 rds.

1936: Knockout—Draw—Jack O'Brien, 1 rds.

1937: Knockout—Draw—Jack O'Brien, 1 rds.

1938: Knockout—Draw—Jack O'Brien, 1 rds.

1939: Knockout—Draw—Jack O'Brien, 1 rds.

1940: Knockout—Draw—Jack O'Brien, 1 rds.

1941: Knockout—Draw—Jack O'Brien, 1 rds.

1942: Knockout—Draw—Jack O'Brien, 1 rds.

1943: Knockout—Draw—Jack O'Brien, 1 rds.

1944: Knockout—Draw—Jack O'Brien, 1 rds.

1945: Knockout—Draw—Jack O'Brien, 1 rds.

1946: Knockout—Draw—Jack O'Brien, 1 rds.

1947: Knockout—Draw—Jack O'Brien, 1 rds.

1948: Knockout—Draw—Jack O'Brien, 1 rds.

1949: Knockout—Draw—Jack O'Brien, 1 rds.

1950: Knockout—Draw—Jack O'Brien, 1 rds.

1951: Knockout—Draw—Jack O'Brien, 1 rds.

1952: Knockout—Draw—Jack O'Brien, 1 rds.

1953: Knockout—Draw—Jack O'Brien, 1 rds.

1954: Knockout—Draw—Jack O'Brien, 1 rds.

1955: Knockout—Draw—Jack O'Brien, 1 rds.

1956: Knockout—Draw—Jack O'Brien, 1 rds.

1957: Knockout—Draw—Jack O'Brien, 1 rds.

1958: Knockout—Draw—Jack O'Brien, 1 rds.

1959: Knockout—Draw—Jack O'Brien, 1 rds.

1960: Knockout—Draw—Jack O'Brien, 1 rds.

1961: Knockout—Draw—Jack O'Brien, 1 rds.

1962: Knockout—Draw—Jack O'Brien, 1 rds.

1963: Knockout—Draw—Jack O'Brien, 1 rds.

1964: Knockout—Draw—Jack O'Brien, 1 rds.

1965: Knockout—Draw—Jack O'Brien, 1 rds.

19

For appalling crookedness, the election in the Clearwater riding has all the others backed up against the wall gasping for breath. This is the first time that even a summary of this extraordinary story has been published, and it is with a blush of shame—(business of blushing)—that we confess that the work of the Conservatives was quite as raw as that of the other fellows. But 'twas ever thus.

In the first place it was never intended by the Government that there should be a Clearwater riding at all. Its creation was brought about simply to oblige Old Man McKinney, who has always been a close friend of L'il Arthur, and is a good old sport. Mr. McKinney had announced his intention of withdrawing from politics, but as soon as he heard that the Pembina Grits had nominated a man, he got busy and announced his intention of staying in the game. A constituency therefore had to be found for the old chap, who is popular with the Government, and, as already observed, a half of a good speech.

So Sifton and one of his carvers (was it Jack Boyle?) carved out the isolated riding of Clearwater, with its teeny population of 103 voters, and sent McKinney up to look over the ground and work his little rabbit's foot on the intelligent electorate. A slight attack of throat trouble caused McKinney to return to Edmonton, where he declared that he was out of politics for good. Got busy then, Williamson Taylor and Joe Clark, and the fun began. McKinney's throat trouble passed off and back he galloped snorting into the arena, with his tail up and his eyes rolling in a fine frenzy.

The firing on Fort Bumper was begun by an educated breed who rounded up eight breeds (8 per cent. of the total vote) and got them solid for Joe. He was perfectly honest in his original intention of getting these breeds to vote for Joe, but he thought it would be a pity not to capitalize them and make a stake for himself while the roads were good. So our educated breed went to Williamson-Taylor's representative and offered him these same votes for the sum of \$500. W. T.'s representative, after much haggling, beat him down to \$300, which was duly handed over. Then our bred breed had the unblushing effrontery to go to McKinney's representative and make the same offer, to turn over these eight votes for \$500. He got it.

But in closing the purchase, McKinney's representative insisted that they have an interpreter at the poll to instruct these breeds how to vote. The "educated breed" up to this point had fully intended to act honestly with Joe Clark, but his natural cupidity got the better of him, and he said that if there was to be any interpreter business he would have to be paid another \$200, making \$700 altogether from this source. So in due course the eight



Who is Leader of the Liberal Party anyway?

not, they had 'em both coming and going. Which is how elections are won. And when the final count was made, it was just the same as it was in the first place—McKinney 40, Williamson-Taylor 39, Clark 24.

From all we can gather, Joe Clark's votes were the only honest ones cast at this extraordinary election. That is to say, they came nearer being honest than any that the other fellows get. In a moral sense, Joe won.

After the smoke of the famous battle of Clearwater had blown away, a lens pro-might have been observed in a quiet parlor bending over a tub. It was Jack Boyle cleansing his hands in a carbolic solution.

We learn, just as we go to press, that the validity of some of these tie-up ballots is being argued upon before a judge in chambers at Edmonton. His decision will probably have been handed down before this paper is on the streets. We don't give a continental which way it goes, for the whole election was a disgrace to Canada, and all concerned should be heartily ashamed of themselves.

Dan McLeod, whose clothing store got burned up recently, will next week be re-established on a larger scale than ever on Eighth avenue west. You can't keep a good man down.

The baseball season opened in Calgary with a bloomer. The Bronchos and the Eskimos went to it in great style, playing splendid ball and working up the fans into a great state of excitement. When the game was just about concluded, with the score a tie, 5 to 5, with the Eskimos all out and only the last half of the ninth to be played, with the Bronchos to bat, his Majesty the Umpire suddenly called the game off. Why? Oh, because it was five o'clock and he had to go out to tea somewhere.

The make-up of the Eye Opener is a little different this week, owing to a slight mix-up in publishing circles since the recent Alberta fire, but we are thankful to have been able to publish at all. Everything will be readjusted in a few weeks. The installation of new presses in new quarters takes time and patience. Heavy on the patience.

Calgary's Industrial Bureau is a sorry joke. Its latest proposal to erect billboards at Banff to advertise the manufacturing advantages of Calgary is so absolutely silly and dafting that one would imagine the members had suddenly all gone crazy. The very fact of their taking it for granted that the Dominion Government would permit them to disfigure the park with their rotten old billboards, is indisputable evidence that the bureau is not without its fatheads.

And this is the Taylor who had the inevitable check to route the Eye Opener when "E. P." got after it! Now he has gotten a dose of E. P. himself. Wonder how he likes it!

Again says E. P. Davis in his address:

"Can there be any question as to why Hill made that loan?" Do you think in your own mind that when he made that loan he didn't have in view the fact that this man was the mayor of the city and he was running again, had been useful to him in the past, and not merely as a reward for that we will say, but also as looking for favors to come; that it might be a wise thing to grant that loan? That is the reputation that these railwaymen usually have. They don't throw their money around in the way of loans in connection with something that they have nothing to do with unless they expect to get some benefit from it; and I think you will agree with me that Hill did expect to get some benefit from that loan."

Taylor even seems to have gone the lengths of purifying himself in his first examination. In this examination, to quote E. P. again, Taylor claimed he had had nothing to do with Jim Hill, didn't know anything about him, never had any negotiations with him. Directly or indirectly, hadn't the faintest idea that Hill was connected with the loan. Mr. Davis went on:

"Now that is Taylor's evidence in the first place. When we see that it is all wrong, by the examination of Hill himself, then he comes out and for the first time tells us that he did understand that Jim Hill had guaranteed the loan."

"Well, if you find a man giving another man some money for nothing—because that loan, unless he's expected to get some benefit, indirect benefit, or had got some indirect benefit already, was given really for nothing. There was no friendship between those two men, nothing to call on Hill to make that loan, a heavy loan, nothing but the one thing that he hoped to get a return, as you can generally make up your mind, under circumstances of a similar character, every man hopes when he advances sums of money without any reason which is apparent, good reason, proper reason. Now we find in addition to that that Mr. Taylor did help the Great Northern, did help Jim Hill. The two agreements are in—practically in, as they are in the statutes. My learned friend did not put in the one he mentioned, they are both in the statutes and can be referred to; and I might say by them, I mean the Canadian Northern Pacific agreement and the Great Northern agreement, and you gentlemen undoubtedly are quite familiar with them. If you compare those two you will see that there is a vast difference in the protection thrown around the city's interests by the Canadian Northern Pacific agreement. But the fact remains that he supported it, that very important fact. The fact remains, of which there is no explanation now, that he tried to get the city to put up \$250,000, which the Great Northern should have put up, which the Board of Railway Commissioners at once said should not be put up, at any rate, by the city—perhaps that is the fair way for me to put it.

"Now, if you find one man under

heavy obligation to another, and then you find that first man doing something that he ought not to do, and doing it because it is of advantage to a man to whom he is under obligation, gentlemen, as men of common sense, do you draw any but the one inference?"

But here comes the most important extract of all, inasmuch as the general public of Vancouver will know in future how much faith to put in the editorials which appear in the World:

"One of the provisions in the mortgage is that if there is default in the interest at all Hill can go in there and take possession and give a twenty-one years' lease of the property. It puts him absolutely, puts the 'World Building Company' absolutely, in the hands of Hill. Is that nice position for either a newspaper to be in or the mayor of a city to be in? He has had these more or less continual, very imperfect dealings with that particular railway corporation."

This exposure has of course, killed Taylor as a public man at the coast and effectively destroyed any little influence his paper may have enjoyed. Last summer, after a visit to the coast, it will be remembered that we took occasion to comment on the terrible straits certain coast papers were put in to finance themselves, selling their reading columns at fancy rates for the exploitation of bogus violations and crooked real estate propositions, and helping swindle the very public that was supporting them from day to day. The \$300,000 coup of Taylor's, was what might be termed a happy touch. At least, Jim Hill probably thought so.

Nothing is so crushing to an orator as an interruption so absurd that it is no use trying to answer it. One of the funniest examples occurred in the British house of commons.

A noble lord, who sits in the lower house, and who is a strong supporter of votes for women, was finishing an impassioned speech.

"What message am I to take to that great assembly of women from this house of commons?" he called out dramatically, with outstretched arms.

The answer came in the form of a drawing remark from some unknown M. F. in the back seats:

"Oh, give them our kind regards!"

The real effect on foot of the new tariff under the Wilson regime will be as follows:

Meats—All duty will be taken off meats, fresh and prepared. This means that meat can be imported to compete with the product of United States packers.

Fish—All fish are on the free list, spelling a probable average of 20 per cent. This covers the enormous catch in the northern Atlantic waters, a majority of which is marketed in the east.

Bread—Biscuits, wafers and bread have been put on the free list. This opens the markets of the world to every consumer in the country and provides a formidable rival to the "biscuit trust." The Payne law, by a joker which remitted the duty only on uncooked biscuits, prevented foreign importations, because practically all biscuits and wafers have some sugar in their composition.

Fruits—All citrus fruits, lemons, oranges or grape fruits are reduced from 11-2 to 1-2 per cent. per pound, opening the markets of the Mediterranean in this country. The Payne tariff effectively prevented competition, and limited the citrus fruits supplied to California and Florida. All fresh fruits are cut from 25 cents to 10 cents a bushel.

Milk—Fresh, preserved or condensed milk is put on the free list.

Poultry—Live poultry is cut from 3 cents to 1 cent per pound; dead from 3 to 2 cents.

Cheese—Is cut particularly as to the cheap grades used in quantity by the average consumer.

General Produce—On general produce, used in great quantities by all consumers, the duty has been cut in some instances more than 100 per cent. The following list of necessary foods represent the cuts that were made:

Paiges go on the free list. This will prevent a family or the manipulation of prices by combines. Similar facts are true of butter, beans, pickles, eggs, onions and peans.

Approached the hour of parting, of the man from his vest.

MAIL CONTRACT

SEALED TENDERS addressed to the Postmaster General will be received at Ottawa until noon, on Friday, the 6th June, 1913, for the conveyance of His Majesty's Mails on a proposed Contract for four years, as required times per week each way, between Calgary Post Office and Canadian Pacific Railway Depot, from the Postmaster General's pleasure.

Printed notices containing further information as to conditions of proposed Contract may be seen and blank forms of Tender may be obtained at the Post Office of Calgary.

G. C. ANDERSON,
Superintendent
Post Office Department
Mail Service Branch,
Ottawa, 12th April, 1913.

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CALGARY, ALTA.

SYNOPSIS OF CANADIAN NORTH-WEST LAND REGULATIONS

ANY person who is the sole head of a family or any male over 18 years of age, may homestead a quarter section of available Dominion land in Manitoba, Saskatchewan or Alberta. The applicant must appear in person at the Dominion Land Agency or Sub-agency for the district. Entry by proxy may be made at any agency, or certainly conducted by father, mother, son, daughter, brother, or sister of intending homesteader.

Duties—Six months' residence upon and cultivation of the land in each of three years. A homesteader may live within nine miles of his homestead on farms of at least 40 acres singly owned or occupied by him, his wife, his mother, son, daughter, brother, or sister.

Duties—Six months' residence upon and cultivation of the land in each of three years. A homesteader may pre-empt a quarter-section alongside his homestead. Price \$3.00 per acre.

Duties—Must reside upon the home-land or pre-emption six months in each six months from date of homestead entry (including the time required to earn homestead patent) and cultivate fifty acres extra.

A homesteader who has exhausted his homestead right and cannot obtain pre-emption may enter for a purchased tract in a certain district. Price \$3.00 per acre. Duties—Must cultivate six months in each of three years, cultivate fifty acres and erect a house worth \$200.00.

W. W. CORY
Deputy of the Minister of the Interior.

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Construction has passed through Alix on each of these three lines. The Canadian Pacific is already in operation through Alix, and has been for some time. The Canadian Northern and Grand Trunk lines are both built through the town, and the stations are erected. The Grand Trunk will be in operation through Calgary, as everyone knows, in a short time.

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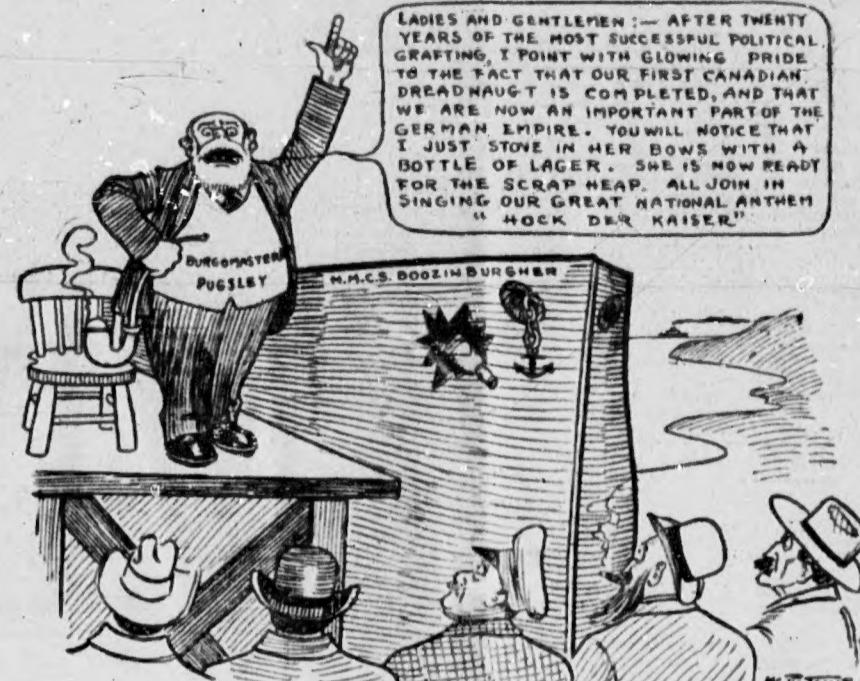
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After the German Conquest

He was a meek looking Englishman and had worked faithfully during the bally Dominion election at the earnest behest of the irrepressible Charlie Taylor, who had thrown out mysterious hints about a swell job in sight. A few days after the election, now some eighteen months ago, this Englishman, whose name was Crawley-Bagstock, O' the Crawley-Bagstocks of Bagstock Park, Shropshire, hunted up Charlie Taylor and said:

"How are you, Taylor? We didn't do badly, did we, ay, sir?"

"We did fine," said Charlie.

"I called to see you about that job you promised—I hope I'm not bothering you, old chap, while you're busy?"

"Not at all, not at all. Sit right down. Of course we're going to find you a job, but a man like you doesn't want to take any old job. A man of your refinement and education wants a d-d good job. How would you like to be superintendent of the Banff National Park?"

"By jove, old chap, but they would never give me that, would they?"

"Why not? The question of the Banff superintendency came up before our committee the other night and one of the most prominent members said that he only wished they could get a man of the type of Crawley-Bagstock to take it?"

"Indeed! Which of them said that? Oh, we're not allowed to repeat anything that goes on in committee—it shouldn't have even told us that. You needn't say I said anything to you about it. Have you seen Bennett yet?"

"Well, no. You see, I don't know Mr. Bennett."

"Now you go and see Bennett! You needn't say I sent you. Just tell him who you are and he'll fix you up."

"By jove, that's awfully decent of you, old chap! If I receive the appointment at Banff I shall have the pater and mater out to spend a few weeks in the mountains and you must do your week-ends with me, old chap. This will bally well astonish them at home!"

"That's all right, old man," said Charlie, as he showed his visitor out and then promptly proceeded to forget all about his very existence.

Mr. Crawley-Bagstock climbed the steep stairs to Bennett's office about fifty or sixty times during the following ten days, only to be informed that the Great Man was very busy, out of town, engaged, or attending a funeral. Finally he met R. B. unexpectedly on the stairs.

"Ah, Mr. Bennett! I know you."

"The same," said the Great Man, pausing with a resigned look.

"I am Mr. Crawley-Bagstock—one of the Crawley-Bagstocks of Bagst—"

"Glad to meet you, Mr. Crawley-Bagstock. What can I do for you?"

"I understand I am to be given some post, don't you know, by the party?"

"What party?" inquired the Great Man.

"The Conservative party."

"Oh yes, to be sure!" said R. B., scratching his nose, musingly.

"I thought I'd call and see if you could attend to the matter for me, Mr. Bennett."

"Why, yesterday!" said R. B., speaking with great rapidity and edging his way up the stairs. "You write me letter and I'll attend to it rightaway. I am the Crawley-Bagstock of Bagst—"

"Crawley-Bagstock."

"Yes, to be sure, Mr. Crawley-Bagstock. Well, write me a letter. Good day."

Mr. Crawley-Bagstock thereupon repaired to his humble room in the private house where he lived, what he callously termed "a shithole," and concocted a long epistle to the Great Man, telling him all about the Crawley-Bagstocks of Bagstock Park and of his own career at Harrow and Oxford, how his god-dam son had once sat for Shropshire, and his mother was one of the Bazaar-Chelmondeleas of Leicestershire, and his wife was once engaged to the late Marquis of Salisbury and so on and so forth. Then he said Sir Godfrey that he was expecting an appointment as superintendent of the Banff National Park and borrowed from that credulous old sinner, with which, that very evening, he proceeded to sleep on.

Two days later he received a brief typewritten note from the Great Man, stating that his letter had been referred to the committee. This buried

him up more than ever and he touched up his linday for an additional five-spots.

Meeting Charlie Taylor on the street a day or two later, he said:

"Well, Taylor, have you heard anything yet?"

"What about?" asked Charlie, trying to recall his face and name.

"About my appointment to the Banff National Park."

"Oh yes," cried Charlie, with a faint grin, "I remember! Let me see, what did I tell you?"

"You told me I was spoken of for the job of superintendent of the park."

"So I did, old man, so I did! And you're going to get it, you're going to get it! Don't be in any hurry. You don't rush those things. Lie low. Keep your silent on. None wasn't built in a day. Did you see Bennett?"

"I did, after considerable difficulty."

"And what did he say?"

"He told me to write him a letter. I wrote him about sixteen pages and received a short reply, to the effect that he had been referred to the banff committee. What are you laughing at?"

"I'm not laughing," said Taylor, sobering his face. "It's for better known the committee and man, that settles it. The job's yours."

"I hope they won't keep me waiting too long, you know. I'm bound to be a bit nervous this morning."

"That'll be all right, old man," said Charlie, backing away and waving his cigar. "That'll be all right. You stay right with it."

Two weeks passed and no word reached Mr. Crawley-Bagstock from the committee. Once more he repaired to Mr. Taylor's office.

"Here I am again, Taylor," said he apologetically. "Awful worry to make myself a bore, but, you know, I haven't heard a word yet from that banff committee."

"What about—what were you expecting to hear from them about?" asked Charlie, peering into his face with an effort at recollection.

"Why, about the superintendence of the Banff National Park, to be sure."

"Oh, yes, of course. What's your name again? I'm rather at remembering names."

"Crawley-Bagstock."

"Well, Mr. Crawley-Bagstock, I'll tell you what you do. Go and see Tommy Burns. He's the boy who'll fix you up! Tommy's the boy! Those

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For a number of years a bitter feud existed between the Browns and the Perkinses, next-door neighbors. The trouble originated through the depredations of Brown's cat, and had grown so fixed an affair that neither party ever dreamed of "making it up." One day, however, Brown sent by his servant a peace-making note for Mr. Perkins, which read: "Mr. Brown sends his compliments to Mr. Perkins, and begs to say his old cat died this morning." Mr. Perkins' reply was bitter: "Mr. Perkins is sorry to hear of Mr. Brown's trouble, but he has not heard that Mrs. Brown was ill."

Enter now the cafeteria affinities. They are developed on a variation of the Jack Sprat and the estimable Mrs. Spratt plan. Arrived at the table,



they combine their trays and give helpings back and forth. The practice teaches likes and dislikes and this knowledge comes in useful after the inevitable marriage.

So excited was Willie that it seemed as if an overdose of turkey must have got into his head, and his mother kept a watchful eye upon him. But it wasn't the turkey at all, or anything in the eating line. Willie's excitement was due to the fact that he felt certain he had Santa Claus on the previous evening in his room. At last he felt that he could not keep back this stupendous piece of news any longer. "Mother, what do you think?" he said, at length. "I heard Santa Claus in my room last night. I couldn't see him; but when he went to fill my stocking he knocked his big toe against the bed-post, and then stood and ——" "That will do, Willie," broke in papa. "Get on with your pudding."

Canada contains one-third of the area of the British Empire, and is larger than the United States (including Alaska) by 111,992 square miles—Canada 2,729,665, United States 3,617,673; thus the Dominion exceeds the States by 111,993 miles. Canada is as large as 38 United Kingdoms and 18 Germany, twice the size of British India, almost as large as Europe, 18 times the size of France, and 33 of Italy. Canada's population is less than two to the square mile; that of England and Wales is 558 to the square mile; United States 21. Canada is 2,500 miles by 1,400 in area; the distance from Halifax to Vancouver is greater than from London to Halifax.

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A. F. DAY, Area Director.

Luther McCarthy arrived in Calgary last Sunday morning, accompanied by his manager Bill McCarney, and Al Norton, sparring partner. This gives Luther a fortnight in which to get his lungs acclimated to the rarefied atmosphere.

Manager McCarney and Luther, since reaching Calgary, have been well nigh scared out of their boots by reading in the local press about what a marvelous fighter Pelkey is rapidly becoming as the days roll by. During the early part of last week Pelkey had suddenly developed into a Jim Corbett plus Sharkey, with a dash of Kid McCoy; while during the latter end of the week, along about Saturday, he had become a dangerous combination of John L. Sullivan, Fitzsimmons, Jeffries, Peter Jackson and Jack Johnson. The writing boys are certainly very loyal to Tommy's protege. Joking aside, however, Pelkey is pretty sure to give a good account of himself on the 24th. It is not every boxer who has an ex-champion to coach him in the tricks of the trade prior to a match.

McCarthy's visit to Calgary has resulted in a large addition to the membership of the "I-Knew-Him-When-Club." This is one of the penalties of success. Once let a man pull himself up out of the mire by his boot straps and immediately envious friends of miredon days begin to sneer and say, "Why, hell, I knew him when, etc., etc." Poor McCarthy! He will have to put up with a lot of these reminders when in Calgary. No sooner had Luther achieved fame in the ring than certain local lights sought to become famous, too, by having it published in the newspapers that they had once loaned the champion five dollars, or six bits, as the case might be. This is the way of the world.

The affair on the 24th of May is to be a purely boxing contest, and has nothing whatever to do with white heavyweight championships. Let no one hand you any bullion in that regard. It will be simply a 10-round, no decision bout, arranged primarily as a complimentary greeting to a former Calgarian who has gone forth and achieved success abroad. When a "townie" goes away and becomes a successful preacher, lawyer, or statesman, some kind of a function is always arranged for him when he revisits his old city, and he is given a special opportunity of "displaying his wares" through the medium of a big speech at some swell banquet. Luther is only a boxer, but he has been a successful boxer, and has climbed to within one branch of the top. This 24th of May function, therefore, is to be the official reception which will celebrate his return to Calgary on a visit to old friends. A warm reception will no doubt be accorded him. He and Brother Pelkey may be depended on to do their level best for the fans.

Seeing that Luther McCarthy is now right here in Calgary, it may interest our readers to see what Jim Corbett has to say about him and his manager. Corbett is correct in what he says about McCarthy's manager dodging the dangerous fighters and gathering in the easy money, and of course Calgary is famous as an easy money centre. Corbett writes:

I was reading the other day where Billy McCarney had me "on the pen." It appears he has taken exception to certain things that have appeared in this column pertaining to Luther McCarthy.

While it makes little difference one way or the other what McCarty says or does, I am at a loss to understand why he makes me the "patsy" when there is scarcely a sporting writer of any note in the country who hasn't severely criticised the so-called white heavy-weight champion.

As for anything that has appeared in this column—well, I'll leave it to you reader, if I have been unfair in my attitude toward McCarthy. The fact is, I've been rather lenient and unusually mild in handling Luther, much more so than his stand since beating Falter called for. True, I recently did question his courage and business acumen in turning down a \$10,000 guarantee to meet Bomber Wells, and have referred several times to his disinclination to box Jess Willard, but outside of an occasional mild snub of the sort have been inclined to let the youngster.

For the benefit of those who do not know me, I wish to say fully McCarty is McCarthy's manager. He is like the majority of fight managers. When he chooses win a few battles, then a few with importance. To hear most of them tell it, they and not the fighters are entitled to the praise and approval of the public.

To you Luther McCarthy, that young man, take him the most promising white heavy-weight material developed in the last few years. He has the "makeup" of a great fighter. The beatings I administered to Al Kaufman, Jim Johnson and Al Palmer stamped him as a youth of great promise. In the hands of a capable instructor and trainer, a man who would devote more time and attention to teaching him the finer points of the game than the financial end of it, I would not hesitate to predict a brilliant future for the house of McCarty. At that he may become champion some day in spite of the fact that McCarty is of little help to him in that direction.

I have nothing against Luther. I would like to see him win the heavyweight championship. That's the worst luck I wish the young man. At the same time I believe he is making a mistake in tying himself up for fights with a bunch of second-raters and avoiding the boxers who have qualified to meet him. He appeared publicly in New York recently and possibly the friad reception he met with may help to convince him that his methods do not meet with the approval of the fans.

Nobody who follows boxing is more anxious to see a white fighter at the head of pugilism than I. I would do anything in my power to help the cause along, and without hope of personal gain. For instance, I would gladly take McCarty down to my place in the country this summer and give him the benefit of the knowledge of boxing and the experience gained in years of service in the ring. Without boasting, I believe I could teach Luther or any other heavy-weight of today a few important things about the game he is ignorant of. My fighting days are passed, but I still retain the knowledge of the science of boxing and could impart valuable pointers to an ambitious and intelligent boxer of McCarthy's stamp.

The average manager is of little or no help to a young and ambitious boxer. It may be the proper thing to employ a man to look after the finances when a fighter has annexed a championship, but until that time what is needed more than anything else is someone who can teach him something a fighter must keep improving all the time, and it takes years to develop a man good enough to win the heavyweight title. It means hard work and plenty of it. The system of reaching out after all the easy coin in sight is all right as far as it goes, but if the manager with a likely prospect in tow could look a bit into the future he would discover that the money to be made during the campaign for the title

is insignificant compared with the possibilities once the goal has been reached.

I hope the report is true that McCarthy is to meet "Gunboat" Smith at Madison Square some time soon. Since the latter beat Wells and one or two preliminary scrapers, local scribes are touting him as a wonder. There is no denying that "G. H." has one peach of a wallop. Any time he connects with that right hand swing it means down and out for the other fellow. But it must be remembered that McCarthy is a different proposition from any one the former sailor has yet run across.

Smith is about the easiest thing to hit of any of the heavier. He doesn't know how to get out of the way of a straight left lead, and it puzzles me how a fellow like Wells failed to jab him into ribbons. It must be there is something in the story that the Bomber is a victim of stage fright, to prove it mildly. There is no other way of explaining his miserable showing in the Smith match.

The "Gunboat's" greatest asset is his deadly right. Apparently he is game enough, although never put to a severe test in his local battles. It is quite likely that McCarthy with his superior height and reach would bother Smith a great deal. It looks that way surely enough, but with these amateurish boxers nowadays you never can tell. To a clever man Smith's swings look easy enough to avoid, and yet there is the case of the Bomber who unquestionably has it on the others in the matter of science.

If the match takes place and the result is decisive one way or the other, the winner could take on Jess Willard.

A man when he's drunk will tell you all he knows—but what's the use?

Amusements for this week (Gherman-Grand)—the famous Pollard Opera Company the first three nights, with matinee, and for the balance of the week the usual series of an entertainment at the Orpheum Vaudeville. At the Lyric stock company in repertory.

"All I demand for my client," declared the prisoner's counsel, in the voice of a man who was paid for it. "It is justice." "I am very sorry I cannot accommodate you," replied the judge, "but the law won't allow me to give him more than fourteen years."

Was he rich? Or was he poor? She wanted very much to know before giving him an answer to the momentous question. So, after thinking deeply for a minute—"The afraid we shouldn't get along very well," she said. "You're too extravagant!" "Extravagant?" he repeated. "On the contrary, I'm very economical. I have to be," he added as an afterthought. "Then I can never be your wife." "Because I am economical?" he gasped, astonished at her logic. "No," she replied, "but because you have to be."

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MEDICINE HAT OFFICE
224 SOUTH RAILWAY AVENUE

CALGARY OFFICE
211 ALBERTA LOAN BLOCK